

Fellowes as I do, crawling betwene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you
make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-
well.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough.
God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
other: you gidge, you amble, and you lipe, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectant and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Hauel of Ladies most delect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That ymatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with exstasie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on broad,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclosure
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countreies different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something ferled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophe*?
You need not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Quene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdoms best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
out-Herod's Herod. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:
That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any
thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whole
end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as'twer
the Mirror vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and
Bodie of the Time, his forme and preasure. Now, this
ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskill-
full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The
censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-
way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players
that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that
highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing
the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue
thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men,
and not made them well, they imitated Humanity to ab-
ominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that
play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for
them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh,
to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh
too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question
of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, &
shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Poole that vses
it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosinera, and Guildenstern.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Quene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Boib. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man

As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,

That no Reuēnew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choysc,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her ielfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thanks. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Seythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will ruiet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whilft this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Quene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinera, and
Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danis
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
ith' Vniuersity, you say?

Pol. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Casse there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Tigge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-
neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:
But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horsle, whole
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hobby-horsle is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Quene, very louingly; the Quene embrac-
ing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto
him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck.
Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his
Crowne, kisses it, and powres poison in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Quene returnes, findes the King dead, and
makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner Wooes the
Quene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile,
but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt.**

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malcho, that meanes
Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not
you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your Clemencie:

We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Woman is loue.

Enter King and his Quene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phcebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutually, in most sacred Bands.

Cap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,

That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:

For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In